THE

HARP

OF THE

BEECH WOODS.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

MONTROSE, PENN.
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE.
1822.

TO

HER FRIENDS

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE, WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED BY

JULIANA FRANCES TURNER

PREFACE.

In the hope that example may elicit from others flowers of deeper dye, fruits of richer flavour, I have been induced to offer this little volume to my friends and the public. The pleasure with which I have read fugitive pieces of native talent in this county, suggested the idea that I might form a volume solely of the wild flowers of the forest; and I should have felt proud to have sent to the British press a garland of such gleanings. But the blossoms are yet too sensitive and too few to be transplanted. Some summers

more, and I may hope to see Columbia's literary flowers profusely adorning England's libraries, as the beautiful exotics now grace her conservatories. America possesses in herself all the magic of sublimity requisite to inspire the mind with soul fraught powers of poetry—

"To call forth spirits from the vasty deep."

Nature is the poet's book, in which he studies grandeur and simplicity. These, like nature's self, he varies into a thousand different forms and fancies; but these are the two great springs from which flow all the pure waters of poesy. Their source is never dry, whether they send their living streams through the vast wilderness, or meander through tufted meads and flowery plains; or whether in vast columns they fall from

rock to rock, and sink into the dark abyss, still, genius, like the eye of day, can bid them sparkle with his beams.

Who can tell but that Susquehanna may have a Bloomfield, a Dermody, or perhaps a Burns, within its leafy wilds; and that, when the rays of intellect shall meet the lettered page, they may burst forth from the gloom of the forest to shine upon the world? If it be destined for Columbia's future glory, that a bard of Delaware or Hudson should arise, whose gifted powers may vie with the immortal bard of Avon, no American bosom would glow with purer pleasure than would mine of British birth; for genius is not confined to clime or place. Ploughman, peer, or potentate, are alike subject to his influence. It is a spirit that wanders free from earth to heaven; and whether he shine from

the old or the new world, his rays will warm the heart of man, and command his admiration.

Should these pages reach beyond the circle where kindness shields from criticism, I can only hope, that, like the cot from which they are written, they may prove too humble to attract the storm; for, as lightning strikes the lofty pine, and leaves the lowly roof unscathed, so criticism soars to pluck a feather from the eagle's wing, but will not stoop to ruffle the plumage of the wren.

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LINES TO MY HOME IN THE BEECH WOODS.

Thou art the first fair spot,
Sweet beechen shade!
That my wild fancy caught;
I liked thy mountains blue,
Thy lake of silver hue,
I fell in love with you,
Sweet beechen shade!

You blush'd—for the first was I
That e'er gave thee a sigh;
Bleak was your cheek, you said,
Yet you one day would spread
Shade o'er thy lover's head—
Sweet beechen shade!

He whom I loved—loved thee too,
Found bliss with me and you,
He liked thy tranquil face,
Said—thou wert sure the place
To run life's happy race,
Sweet beechen shade!

Together we rov'd thy plains,
Wild were at first thy strains;
But soon each bird most choice
Bade thy dark woods rejoice,
Sweet now is heard their voice
'Midst beechen shade!

Fair now thy groves are seen,
Thy waste fields turned to green,

Roses now deck thy vale,
And thy wild mountain gale
Loves their strange sweets to steal,
Dear beechen shade!

LINES

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE SHIP HECTOR,

July 4, 1819.

"He is the *freeman* whom the *truth* makes free,
And all are slaves beside."

HAIL, day of glory!
On Columbia's happy land
This day bright Freedom took her stand,
And bade base slav'ry fly!
Now, Hector, spread thy silv'ry sails,
And eager catch the fav'ring gales,
Thy colours wave on high!
This day Columbia's triumph rose,
This day each breast with ardour glows
To sing of liberty—

Most sacred gift from heaven to man,
Since nature (in his form) began
To reign o'er land and sea.
'Tis not that *lawless* liberty,
The fruit of *discord's* hollow tree,
Which blossoms on thy coast;
But the pure plant of freedom's growth,
Gives wealth to toil, but death to sloth,
Such is thy country's boast.

Oh, let *us* seek its friendly shade,
Our home beneath its boughs be made,
We'll plant our roses there;
Secure from fortune's fickle power,
Whose sunshine changes in an hour,
Whose storms our blossoms tear.
Deign to accept from stranger lay,
The heart's warm wishes on this day;
Joy to Columbia's land!
Speed, Hector, speed o'er trackless main!
In safety the bless'd shores regain,
Where *Freedom* takes her stand.

EVENING.

THE balmy breath of dying day,
Scarcely moves the birchen spray;
Faint the fading evening still
Lingers on the lofty hill;
Each spiky blade, and lanky bent,
With breath of earliest due is sprent;
The daisy's golden eye reposes,
Asleep the triple clover closes;
And leaves, and flowers, their charms re-
new
By slumb'ring, steeped in balmy dew.

Now the last bee's peal is rung,
The redbreast's latest vesper sung;
The bat begins her vigil rounds,
And dull the beetle's night-horn sounds:
In rapid jerks above the broom
The lated day-moth hurries home;

The merry flies to rest are stole,
The ground-bee to her mossy hole;
While o'er the flowry-headed hay
The feathery nightmoths lightly play.

Hark! the fresh awakening breeze
Wakes, but scarcely waves the trees;
The white owl wings the grassy meads;
The woodbine strong its odour sheds;
And soft, as fades the western ray,
Beams the dewy star of day.

E'en in this transient world of care,
How lovely, perfect, sweet, and fair,
Is all we note in every change!
And, woe the while! how passing strange,
That MAN, with faculties so rare,
Himself, and such a world, should mar!

THE LAKE OF BALA.

PREFATORY NOTE.

A legendary tale loses half its interest, unless the reader be somewhat acquainted with the country from which it has its origin. Bala Lake (or *Llyn Tegid*) is the largest lake in Wales, being about six miles long, and nearly a mile in breadth. The scenery around is mountainous, a line of rich cornfields and verdant meadows bounds its waters on the right, on the left is seen a bridge through which issues the river Dee. The lofty Arrans with their golden summits, the cloudy tops of Arennigs *vawr*, and *vach*, and in the distant horizon the triple crown of the towering *Cader Idris*, all form one grand and beautiful landscape. The lake abounds with a variety of excellent fish, and one kind which is peculiar to Alpine lakes, called GWINIADD—the *Salmo laveretus* of Linnaeus, and the *ferra* of lake of Geneva.

According to the accounts given by Giraldus Cambriensis, Drayton, and others, the river

Dee passes through this immense body of water without deigning to intermix its waters with the lake, as the Rhone is said to pass through the lake of Geneva, and the classic Alpheus through the waters of the Adriatic. Hence it is asserted by some, that the salmon are never found in the lake, nor the gwiniadd in the river. Near to the lake is the Castle of Gronw, a chieftain who lived in the time of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, in 550.

THE LAKE OF BALA.

IN TWO PARTS.

Written in the style of the Old English Ballad.

PART FIRST.

It was a wealthy chief of Wales,
And his a lone and lovely daughter;
And his castle stood in the sloping wood
That skirts the side of Bala-Water.

And many a youth in open truth,
And many a carl in cant or cunning,
In vain essay'd to win the maid,
Alike their faith or flattery shunning.

But one, a youthful minstrel wight,
In her suit for love alone enrolled him;
And soon he believed his hope achiev'd,
For so by looks alone she told him.

Yet feasting in her father's hall,
Though high in heart and social blossom,
If he met her eye, a silent sigh,
Unheard, unheaved, came o'er his bosom.

For always on the ebb or flow,
Poor lovers' hearts are faint or flushing;
Like the lights that glide on a mountain's side,
Or a gust o'er the glassy waters brushing.

But his was the heart of bold emprise,
And his the head of fancy's storing;
And well could his hand the heart command
To wake the witch-notes soft or soaring.

At evening cool, his skiff on the pool
Oft bore the chieftain's lovely daughter,
While the low sun beam flung its length'ning
gleam
On the glittering waves of Bala-Water.

Then thus spoke he, the minstrel youth,
As light his oars he feather'd featly,
While evening smiled on the mountains mild,
And the wide blue lake slept calm and sweetly.

"O Lady, soon yon setting sun,
My days in distant lands may lighten,
And far from thee, when him I see,
The tear drop in mine eye will brighten.

Lest, when I part, thy changing heart
Forget the love of him that charms it;
And, like yon hill, be dark and chill
As soon as sets the sun that warms it.

"Say wilt thou view yon mountains blue,
With all the love we late have conn'd them,
Led by a spell I need not tell,
To think on him that's far beyond them?"

He paus'd, and press'd her offer'd hand,
As eager in his arm he caught her;
While the twilight glanc'd, and the lone star danc'd
On the dimpling calm of Bala-water.

Then thus replied the fair maiden,
Like the rippling wave all soft and sparkling,
While the thin mist crept where the wide lake slept,
And the distant hills look'd dim and darkling.

"Though star or moon, or dawn, or noon,
Thy days in other lands may lighten,
When *each* I see, I'll think on *thee*,
Though the tear-drop in mine eye may brighten.

"Nor when we part shall my constant heart
Forget the love of him that charms it;
Though like yon hill, it be dark and chill,
For lack of *thee*, the sun that warms it.

"And I will view yon mountains blue,
With all the love we late have conn'd them,
Led by a spell I need not tell,
To think on him that's far beyond them."

Then thus resumed the minstrel youth,
His strokes at stated pauses taking;
While the waves of his oar as they reached
the shore,
Were heard o'er the silent waters breaking.

"Lady, a lord of Powysland,
I learn, intends his suit to proffer,
And high in birth, with all his worth,
Himself before thy feet to offer.

"And though to thee a stranger, he
Has won thy willing father's favour;
And soon will thine with theirs combine,
To blot me from thy heart for ever."

He could no more—but on his oar
He lean'd; then spoke the maiden troubling,
As awhile unrow'd the small boat flow'd,
And heard were the drippling oar-drops bubbling.

"I know that a lord of Powysland
To me intends his suit to proffer,
And high in birth with all his worth,
Himself before my feet to offer.

"A stranger he indeed to me,
Yet tho' he win my *father's* favour,
Fear not what they can do or say,
I'll hold *thee* in my heart for ever.

"My father's wealth and lands are large,
And I am his sole and darling daughter;
And to live with thee is enough for me
On the lonely side of Bala-Water.

The youth he plied to reach the side
Where the crisp white waves on the sands were breaking,
While his light oars glanc'd and the moon beam danc'd
On the curling lines which the lake were streaking.

Then softly sigh'd the minstrel youth,
As beneath the moonlight wall he brought her;
Said "adieu, my sweet, till again we meet,
I'll think on *thee*, and Bala-Water."

BALA WATER

Part Second.

It was a lord of Powysland
That wish'd to wed the chieftain's daughter,
But not for her land he sought her hand,
Nor all her wealth on Bala-Water.

But 'twas for the sake of her own sweet self,
As fame afar he had heard record her;
From rolling Dee to Dovey's bay
She was call'd "*The Blossom of the Border.*"

And he, though high in titled worth,
Yet held in his heart a worth more wealthy;
And the spark of his eye spoke him merry and sly,
And the bloom of his cheek spoke him young
and healthy.

But far away and over sea,
From early years he long had journey'd;
And late, to gain his sire's domain,
He with the summer's sun returned.

It was all in the merry Christmas time,
When up the chief, and spoke his daughter,
While the breakers white rode the rude waves
height
On the rough, rough tide of Bala-Water.

'It is thy birth day, my darling child,
And pass'd have thrice sev'n winters o'er thee;
And the feast shall delight my hall to night,
And lords and barons bow before thee.

"I learn that a lord of Powysland
Will grace our feast with kind compliance;
And though high in birth, and large in worth,
He seeks thy heart in love's alliance.

"And many a peer will, I ween, be here,
And many a knight to thy hand aspiring;
But thy will shall be free, my child, for me,
To use it at thy own desiring."

Then she tenderly kiss'd her hoary sire,
And a bright tear fell on her cheek as he felt it;
Like the drop that flows on the morning rose,
From the silvery frost as the sunbeams melt it.

The lady went up to her own loved tower,
Where her maids with gems and armlets fraught
her;
While the harps rang loud, and the courtly
crowd
Fill'd the glittering hall of Bala-Water.

Like the queen of night she appear'd—so bright,
So chastely cold, yet courteous ever:
Said to each knight, "I mean no slight,
But he's not here that wins my favour."

Then smiled well pleased her old father,
On the lord of Powysland he thought him;

For he knew that *he* there would anon appear,
And with eager eye at the door he sought him.

And now by the light of the crescent moon,
To the long lake side went the chieftain's
daughter;
For on this birth-night was her minstrel wight
Pledged to appear at Bala-Water.

"Oh, welcome!" cried the fair maiden,
As he came, o'er the windy waters tossing;
While the white spray splash'd, and the break-
ers dash'd,
On his light, light skiff the wild waves crossing.

"Oh, welcome thou to my father's hall,
Though the lord of Powysland be in it,
For him before, and a million more,
Ask *thou* my heart, and thou shalt win it."

Then before them all, in her father's hall,
He graceful bent, and ask'd her favour;
And the lovely flush of her blooming blush
Assur'd him of her love forever.

He knelt and kiss'd her beaded wrist,
And did with ardent eyes adore her;
Though the potent lord of Powysland
In bloom of youth was there before her.

Then up, and spoke the minstrel wight,
As a harp he caught, and swept it featly,
While the brow arch'd high o'er his sparkling
eye,
And the loud, loud notes ran rich and sweetly.

"O love, we'll lead a merry, merry life,
As the year runs round its charms a-changing,
In early spring when the sweet birds sing,
Thro' primrose paths by the green thorn rang-
ing.

"When the mottled sky is in hay time high,
On swaths of red topp'd grass reclining,
My roundelay shall bloom for the day,
Like the wreath of field-flowers thou'lt be twin-
ing.

"And in autumn's prime, in the rich sunny time,
We'll mount the hills of blooming heather:
And our winter's night shall be warm and bright,
As the blithe harp rings to the whistling weather.

"For I love the life in freedom rife,
And age in social joys enroll me;
Or afar to roam, or be merry at home,
Nor lives there a lord that dares control me.

"Then, ye merry merry minstrels, strike the strings
In praise of the noble chieftain's daughter;
For *I am the lord of Powysland,*
And *mine* is the maid of Bala Water."

The father he smiled on his darling child,
And bending, shed his blessings on her;
For all this was a plot of his own, I wot,
Or knight or noble ne'er had won her.

And then the lord of Powysland,
To the festive board all graceful brought her;
The minstrels sang, and the high harps rang,
To the youth and the bride of Bala water.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MY HARP, ON RECEIVING IT FROM ENGLAND.

Thrice welcome to my arms again,
My own, my long lost lyre!
Wake, wake once more the magic strain,
With all thy wonted fire!

But, ah! how sad, how lorn that tone!
Thy cords, all slack and broken,
Breathe forth a low and plaintive moan,
That sorrowing ills betoken.

'Twas cold neglect thy cords unstrung,
And left in mute despair;
My harp "was on the willow hung,"
Sighing to passing air.

Far from the heart that loved thy lay,
Far from the hand that press'd thee,
Who erst at morn and parting day,
In rosy bower caress'd thee.

Borne o'er the vast Atlantic main,
Dear Harp! once more we meet;
Here on my bosom rest again,
And breathe thy accents sweet.

Come, sing to me of other days,
When Fortune sweetly smiled,
When Time, entranced in pleasure's maze,
Was of his wings beguiled.

Then ling'ring fell the glitt'ring sand,
For Love (the smiling boy!)
Had fetter'd Time in silken band,
And *days* seem'd *years* of joy.

Then Learning link'd her stars of light
To Friendship's golden chain,
And Wit, with specks like diamond bright,
Inspired my harp's wild strain.

O merrily flew the hours along,
From blush of morn till twilight gray,
When to thy tones the youthful throng
Danced 'midst the flow'ring spray.

How changed the scene! my bower gone,
The friends who made it dear,
With Love and Time—all, all are flown!
My *Harp alone* is here!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

When on thy fav'rite book I pore,
It seems, to fancy's eye,
A garden-plot embroider'd o'er
With flowers of poesy.

Where many a muse, in playful hour,
Hath rear'd to friendship's name,
A relic sweet, a token flower,
Ne'er blown upon by fame.

Freely to thee, their beauties rise,
To thee their incense breathes,
Happy to bloom beneath thine eyes,
Happy to form thy wreaths.

And who that in the muses' land
  Hath ever pluck'd a flower,
Would here refuse with jealous hand,
  To plant it in thy bower?

For here the glittering beams of wit,
  And friendship's warmer ray,
And airs of music breathing sweet,
  Will o'er the nursling play.

Nor will the critic's hand severe
  Fall rudely on its stem,
But smiles of partial fondness cheer
  Each tender opening gem.

The soul, escap'd from care and strife,
  Here feels, with new delight,
Her genius bursting into life,
  And fancy blooming bright.

The hidden seeds of buried worth,
  In soil so richly kind,
Fling with increas'd luxuriance forth,
  The beauties of the mind.

Hence thy poetic nursery,
  Well-fill'd, repays thy care;
And every year that hurries by,
  Beholds new blossoms there.

Yet not a weed profanes thy spring,
  All fragrant and all bright,
Save the poor flow'ret which I bring,
  That fears to meet the light.

But no conceit of idle shame,
  Or folly's blushing hues,
Shall more with-hold from friendship's claim,
  The tribute of my muse.

LINES TO AN ORPHAN ON HIS BIRTHDAY,

February the 27th.

WHAT, though proud fortune, smil'd not on
thy birth,
Nor round thy cradle gaudy trophies hung!
Nature with thee sent her warm smile on earth,
And for thy natal wreath fair flowers upsprung.

Emblem of innocence, the snow-drop! rear'd
Its drooping cup, peeping from bed of snow;
As if it wish'd to greet thee, and yet fear'd
One ling'ring, wint'ry blast might lay it low:

So hadst *thou* fearing shrunk then, tender flow'r,
Nor dared to blossom in this stormy world,
Couldst thou have seen the threat'ning tempest
lower,
By which spring's hopes are oft to ruin hurl'd.

Old sterile winter for a while forbore
His stern controul, and melted at the ray
Of kindling warmth, which richly studded o'er
His snowy robe, with radiant flowers gay;
His frozen crest sparkled in sunny beam,
And chrystal gems bedeck'd the leafless thorn;
In gentle murmurs ran each rippling stream,
And birds with twittering notes awaked the
morn.

Such was the season when thy infant eyes
First oped upon this jarring, bustling world;
When first thy mother heard thy piteous cries,
And saw thy little helpless arms unfurl'd—
Ah! who can tell the hope—the thrilling joy,
That fills a tender mother's anxious breast,
When first she clasps her new-born infant boy,
And lulls him on her beating heart to rest!

Alas! Thy early dawn too soon was crost,
And sorrow's cloud obscured thy opening day;
Too early taught to mourn a father lost,—
Thy mother's love, so early snatch'd away!

Yet is she near thee still, and hears thy sighs,
Her guardian spirit hovers round thee ever;
Tho' borne from earth to dwell in angel skies,
Ne'er shall her kindred spirit from thee sever;
It speaks to thee in every feeling heart,
And bids her darling orphan's tears be dry,
And bids affection blunt keen sorrow's dart,
Encircling thee with sacred sympathy.

For me—when list'ning to *thy* voice, I hear
Her seraph-tones, soft whisp'ring in my ear;
And when I gaze upon thy tearful eye,
I feel her spirit mingle with my sigh—
And often, in the silent hour of night,
I see her fancied form, like angel bright,
Bend o'er me,—and in accents sweetly mild,
Bless me—and bid me love her child.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Lo! midway on his path, the God of day,
Starts at the sudden gloom that shades his way,
No depths of ocean quench his glowing light,
Yet round him roll dark shadows *deep as night.*

The Savage, as the direful vision past,
Sprang from his mossy couch, and shrunk aghast.
Untaught by science he, to read the cause,
And think with temper'd awe on nature's laws;
He deem'd he saw dark demons rise,
To hide the smile of heaven from human eyes;
Or that the God, whose eye is in the sun,
Turn'd frowning from the wrongs that earth had done.

But *we*, whom science arms from needless fear,
Who see not thus disasters crowding near,
Oh! say, shall we unmoved and thoughtless rove,
While changes such as these are wrought above?
Shall toil and business keep their wonted pace,
When nature varies in her constant race?

Thou source of light! from whose unwearied beam
Dependent worlds still draw the living stream,
Fain would we give our serious thoughts to thee,
Thou glorious symbol of the Deity!

And while the dim eclipse that veils thee now,
Flits like a passing vapor o'er thy brow,
Adore the Power whose awful voice could call
Ages of darkness o'er thy splendid ball!!

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Say, feather'd gem, of rain-bow dyes,
With ruby breast and emerald wing,
Gay glittering in the sunny skies,
Like flitting flash of lightning.

Say—is that busy, busy hum,
Thy joyous song of love? or fear
Lest some rude rival bee should come,
Thy favorite flower too near?

Or canst thou from that tiny bill,
A silvery lay of sweetness pour,
The bosom of thy mate to thrill
With fairy lover's lore?

And can that little breast e'er beat
With passion's ardent glow?
Feel anger's stern, impetuous heat,
Or love's fond fervor know?

When as thou sipp'st the rose's sweet,
And drink'st with joy the morning dew,
Does busy fancy bid thee meet
In them love's fond allusions true?

As hov'ring o'er the scarlet bloom,
Or resting on a lily's stem,
Does fancy in the rich perfume
Bring thoughts of love with them?

And when I see thee quickly dart
On whirring wing from flower to flower,
Say, is thy little constant heart
Quick beating for thy true-love's bower?

Go, haste thee, then, sweet bird of love,
And quickly sip the rich repast;
For birds, as well as mortals, prove
That joys the sweetest seldom last.

Like *morning-glory** beauties fade,
And droop beneath excess of noon,
As "LOVE expires in REASON'S shade,"
So fairest fragile flowers fall soon.

Go, sparkle on thy short lived day,
'Mid FLORA'S treasures bright;
Like ZEPHYRUS wing thy wanton way,
For ah! too swiftly comes thy night!

And when at Eve thou leav'st my porch,
Go lead thy little love to rest
The fire-fly be thy Hymen's torch,
A full blown rose thy tiny nest.

Convolvulus Major.

WRITTEN AT SILVER LAKE.

When from misfortune's sullen gloom,
The hand of friendship led me forth;
It led where health in brightest bloom
Dwelt among beauty, talent, worth.

It led me to the roof of those
To whom these attributes belong;
Where kindness, like a sun beam, glows,
Where welcome pours her sweetest song.

And as I write these simple lines,
By gratitude to goodness given;
How bright in recollection shines
Each charm that made my moments heaven.

But verse, their beauties to impart,
Should glow impassioned and refin'd,
Fine as the pulses of *her* heart—
And strong and manly as *his* mind.

Dear spot! delightful and revered!
Thy image ne'er can be effaced;
Mem'ry, each joy that there I shared,
Has in her fadeless colours traced.

When the last moment shall be near,
To close life's weary bustling task,
Give me *such* friends my soul to cheer,
And lead to heaven!—'tis all I ask.

And tell me not that "Friendship is a name,"
'Tis more—'tis here a most substantial bliss,
For though I boast to wealth and power no claim,
I've found no earthly joy so sweet as this.

In pleasure's sunny path, in sorrow's shade,
If friendship's bland but anxious smile we
prove,
How bright is joy! how soft is sorrow made!
When shared by those whom we sincerely love.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, JULY 14,

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY HUSBAND'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ah! where is my bower o'ershadow'd with roses?
And the porch where climatis and jasmine entwine?
Where, emblem of winter, the holly opposes
Its dark shining leaves to the scented woodbine?

Ah! where is my harp! that awakened the hour
So dear to our hearts on this loved, cherished day?
And the song of the blackbird and throstle, that pour
Their love-breathing notes on each flow'ry spray?

Far, far from thy bower of roses thou rovest,
From thy once smiling home, and thy dear
native shore;
Yet still thou art near to the heart that thou
lovest,
O'er the vast wild of waters new worlds to
explore.

High on the Atlantic sea now we are sailing,
All heaven around us, and HOPE for our guide;
Then, memory, cease; past bliss cease bewail-
ing,
Let the tear of regret by affection be dried.

Then fear not, my loved one, fresh roses shall
spring,
Round our cot in the western world, free from
alarm;
And the harp shall be strung, and the sweet
birds shall sing,
And our bosoms on this day own love's bright-
est charm.

THE SUSQUEHANNA FARMER,

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Come hither and learn what is meant,
By that sweetest of treasures, content;
'Tis with patience or pleasure to bear
The lot that may fall to our share.

My cottage, though humble, is clean,
The clime where I live is serene,
The tempest that shakes the proud dome,
But ruffles the thatch of my home.

My flocks are my daily delight,
I pen them securely at night,
And then, as a rest to my mind,
In books a sweet solace I find.

My debts and just tribute I pay,
Providing against a dark day,
And thus do my hours, well spent,
Reward me with peace and content.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A HEATH FROM A FRIEND.

Oh, Lady! in this little flower
There dwells to me a magic power;
And simple though its blossoms be,
Each has a wond'rous charm for me.
O yes! and I will cherish, dear,
Thy fairy gift;—but wouldst thou hear
In what consists this magic spell,
Lady—I can scarcely tell.
Perhaps in my own native isle,
I've seen such flow'ret wildly smile,
Have seen its bells of purple hue
Glist'ning beneath the morning dew.
If so, 't has double charms for me—
Can I forget it came from thee?

THE CROMLECH.*

Lo! on the Cromlech's ruin'd brow,
Where once the bleeding victim lay,
Night shade and deadly henbane stray,
And the wild-briar blossoms now!

* There are many of these druidical altars in North and South Wales; twenty-eight may be counted in the Isle of Anglesea.

The word cromlech is British, and signifies a stone that is *flat* or of concave form. Rowlands derives it from the Hebrew, *Cœrem Luach*, "a devoted stone or altar." The length of the horizontal stone is sometimes 24 feet, and 17 feet in breadth. The perpendicular, or supporting stones are from 12 to 15 feet in height.

Here, many a solemn rite was paid,
By gloomy superstition taught;
And many a horrid deed was wrought,
To soothe the idol of the shade.

But now, those dreadful scenes are o'er,
Uninterrupted silence reigns!
Save when along the dark'ning plains
The falcon shrieks, or tempests roar.

FANCY'S BARK AND PLEASURE'S ISLE.

Freighted deep with splendid treasure,
Steering for the Isle of Pleasure,
Through the waves of emerald green,
Fancy's airy bark is seen.

Zephyrs bringing on their wings,
Never varying gentle gales;
Around her bows the mermaid sings,
Sea-birds frolic in her sails!

Now, the promised port in view,
See the joyful crowd advancing,
All to hail the happy crew—
Swains are singing, nymphs are dancing.

From spicy groves the land breeze flying,
Freshens now—now gently dying;
Ripen'd fruits in clusters pending,
Chrystal streams the rocks descending!

Lychens gray, and green moss growing,
Choicest flowers their beauties showing,
Gilded by the summer ray,
Birds in varied plumage play,
Flitting round on airy wing,
Some in sweetest wild notes sing.

Through myrtle groves young Love is flying,
In wanton sport his arrows trying,
And having hit the youthful heart,
The urchin glories in the smart.
For here no wounds can lovers feel,
But those which Hymen's touch can heal.

Offspring of the purest joys!
Smiling girls, with dimpled boys,
On the turf in frolic play,
While their infant hours away.

Lusty youth with manhood's prime,
Pass in joyous sport the time;
Cheerful age, with brow serene,
Smiling on their sport is seen.

And now, their object to pursue,
Prepare to land the gladsome crew.
Their streamers to the light breeze flying;
Their silver oars the boatmen plying,
And all is mirth, and all is glee,
While sounds of sweetest minstrelsy
Sing a glad welcome all the while,
For Fancy's Bark to Pleasure's Isle.
The boat has glided o'er the stream,
Now jump on shore!——'Tis all a dream!

SONNET.

TO THE BIRCH TREE.

The Beechen tree, so sweetly sung
By Scotia's magic bard,*
With fancy's flowers freely flung,
Shall not the wish retard,
To sing my favourite of the grove,
The graceful *Birchen* tree,
Cradle of many a feathered love,
Bending o'er banks of Dee;
Thy waving branches lightly play,
Like streamers in the air;
Courting each balmy breath of May,
To waft its fragrance there;
Encircling, in thy silv'ry zone,
Her luscious sweetness with thine own.

* Campbell.

THE GOOD MAN'S GRAVE.

How hallowed is the good man's grave!
While earth and heaven his garlands weave,
By every tender tie caress'd,
With every finer feeling bless'd.

Wedlock droops—*her* links are broke,
Like ivy sever'd from the oak;
And filial manhood turns aside,
To weep those tears, he cannot hide.

Cherub childhood's glist'ning eye
Is wet, though half unconscious why;
And beauty's cheek of roseate hue
Seems now like lily bathed in dew.

Not for the dead but for the woe
Of sever'd bliss, these sorrows flow;
For sleep the good on sweeter bed,
Than this world's love can ever spread.

Resignation tolls his knell,
Truth and Hope his vespers swell;
While Friendship fondly strews his tomb,
And seraph'd kindred choir him home.

With every finer feeling bless'd,
By every tender tie caress'd;
While earth and heaven his garlands weave,
Thus hallow'd is the *good man's grave.*

THE FAIRY'S DIRGE

AT THE GRAVE OF SHAKSPEARE.

Lovely Fays,
  Suspend your coronets of fading flowers,
And strings of leafy wreaths from tree to tree;
And when the mist of morning steals away
Before the glist'ning sunbeams, they shall all
Be changed to filmy threads, long, hoar and
    heavy,
Beaded with tiny tears. Sing by this grave,
Each after each commingling, some sweet dirge,
As we are wont, ev'n in our happiness,
To dew as 'twere the day-flowers of delight.
Let it fall melting in the lesser chords,
Ling'ring in tenderness; yet withal brilliant
At times, with intellectual melody,
Bright on the greater tones, each height'ning each
Like April sun-showers.

DIRGE.

Golden cowslip, bow thy head,
The Bard who sang thy praise is fled,
Fled to yonder azure plain,
Ne'er to visit earth again.
Fairies, now ring out his knell
With lily of the valley's bell.

"On yonder bank where wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the violet grows;
O'er canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-rose and eglantine,"
There we will ring our Shakspeare's knell,
With lily of the valley's bell.

"The dew which on the primrose pale
Was wont like orient pearl to lie,"
Like *tears* their Shakspeare to bewail,
Stand now within the flow'rets eye.
Then let us sing a fairy knell
With lily of the valley's bell.

While summer shines or autumn reigns,
Thy favourite flow'rs shall lend their grace;
"The azure harebell, like thy veins,
The paley primrose like thy face;
The leaf of balmy eglantine,
That breathes not air so sweet as thine,
The Ruddock,† (bird of charity)
Shall sing his sweetest melody,
He'll bring furred moss and berries red,"
To deck our Shakspeare's grassy bed.
Then fairies toll the tiny knell,
On lily of the valley's bell.

"Like daylight sick," the pallid moon
Gives a soft and dewy light;
The length'ning shades proclaim night's noon,
Soon must we fairies take our flight;
We'll hide us in yon silv'ry cloud,
From mortals' waking eye;
And when the lark sings carol loud,
'Twill be *our* lullaby.

†Robin redbreast.

SONNET.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

HARK! 'twas that harp whose undulating strings
Give music to the wind. How sudden oft,
From some low shivering note, serene and soft,
All wildly swelling, loud and shrill it rings,
Then dies away, and choral dirges sings,
As though it hover'd on some distant shore
So mild and many ton'd :—now loud it flings
A whistling sweep; and now 'tis heard no more.
Hark! there again: and faint, amid the fall
  Of richest harmony, a wayward note
  I dimly hear in trembling discord float,
Then melt into the chord, and sink in silence all.
Oft in the hour of thought, harp of the wind,
I liken thee to my own wayward mind.

LINES,

ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME A

LUNAR RAINBOW.

The sun's last gleam had ting'd the forest pine,
Chang'd were their golden tops to purple hue;
And in the west the radiant burnished line
Of dazzling light, now faint and fainter grew:

The feather'd choir to leafy coverts throng'd,
Their vesper ceased, save that responsive few
Still o'er the waters of the lake prolong'd
The oft repeated note which echo threw.

The busy insect hum now dies away,
While nature softly sinks in sweet repose;
Sportive, the fire-flies dart in vivid ray,
As if bright stars from earth to heaven uprose.

Endymion slept, when the chaste queen of
night
Broke on his slumber with her silvery beams;
Above the darkling woods her crescent bright
Resplendent shone, and sparkled in the streams.

So soft, so mild, she came, as if in fear
To wake her loved one from his peaceful trance,
The glittering stars that in her train appear,
Upon the lake's blue waters dazzling dance.

Behold a glorious arch of rainbow dyes,
High o'er the ethereal vault of heaven display
Its lustrous colours in the starry skies,
Then on earth's lap its mingled beauties lay.

Most sacred pledge of peace from God to man!
Ah! who, unmoved, can view thy lovely zone,
Encircling earth and sky in endless span,
And not His boundless mercy own!

THE VALE OF WYOMING.

Adieu to thee, Wyoming, loveliest vale!
To thy mountains, thy rills, and thy groves,
To the flowers which in clusters enamel thy dale,
Where the birds tell the tale of their loves.

Where the spirits of Albert and Gertrude are
seen
By Cynthia's pale shadowy light,
While the dark Outalissi and Henry's mild
mien
"Look like morning led on by the night."

Where the genius of Campbell has loved to re-
pose
His might and his sweetness of verse,

Where the bloom of the thistle its wild magic
throws
O'er the scene his bright numbers rehearse.

Adieu ye sweet shades! from my mind whilst
I live
Your remembrance never will fade;
Fond fancy in song oft her tribute shall give
To each hill and each beautiful glade.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

In early youth, the path I chose
Which led from home,
Where grew the daisy and the rose,
Far, far from home.
And while soft pleasure I pursued,
I thought 'twas happiness I viewed;
She vanish'd!——I the chase renew'd,
Which led from home!

Through every social haunt I stray'd,
Where happiness is found, 'tis said,
Far, far from home;
Where ever pleasure's vot'ries were,
I sought with over anxious care;
But happiness was never there,
So far from home!

Returned—sweet happiness sincere,
Sought far from home!
Soon call'd, and said she'd tarry here,
With us at home;
Could she but have an early proof,
That noisy pleasure kept aloof,
She'd dwell beneath our humble roof,
With us at home.

Now, while the winds shall gently blow,
And rivers through the meadows flow;
Like summer warblers on the wing,
All grateful for returning spring,
Domestic happiness we'll sing,
In rustic home!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Written on a marble Urn, placed in a grove in Memory of a departed Friend.

FAREWELL, my love! a long farewell!
This marble bids my last adieu;
Oh! could it to thy spirit tell
The feelings of my soul for you!

These trees in joy I saw thee plant,
Which round thy urn in beauty grow,
Whilst *thou*, who made the scenes enchant,
Beneath their blossoms now art low!

Soon thou beheld'st new beauties range
Through the wild plain, on every side
To paradise the desert change,
And ah! 'midst its first blushes—died!

THE PURSUIT OF LOVE.

Love, like a butterfly in May,
Through flowers pursues his pastime gay
But rarely to return is known,
To that same flower he once has flown;
On beauty's various blossom'd smile,
He loves to linger for a while,
But soon, though sad, away he flies!
There's nothing here—he, sobbing, sighs.

If chance in fashion's flowers he peep,
Where pride and vice their venom steep,
He finds the cup that's costliest crown'd,
Is bitterest oft at bottom found.
At pleasure's nectaries he sips,
And deep in draughts delicious dips,
But finds those flowers as soon as blown,
Are doomed to fade just like his own.

Till heated, tired, and half heart broke,
He seeks the shade of reason's oak,
And 'twixt two flow'rs of heart's ease lights,
That nature on one stem unites;
Their spots alike, alike their dyes,
And dew drops gem their jetty eyes;
Round each his little arms he throws,
And shuts his pinions in repose.

Would ye this day-fly, Love, pursue,
He's known by delicacy true;
His wings when closed are scarcely scann'd,
But flushed with bloom when they expand.
And would ye take the tender elf,
See ye be gentleness itself;
For ere his charms your own ye call,
One luckless touch may mar them all.

LINES TO ——

THINK not that friendship's theme,
To woman is confined;
For bright its beauties beam
Through William's heart and mind.

Their treasures to explore,
Should be my chief delight,
But that I know there's more
In them than I *dare* write.

Of genius and fun,
And hospitality,
The source will ne'er be done,
Till ends mortality.

Thy talents, William, like the rose
In bud, have little smell ;
But when to genial warmth it blows,
Its sweets like thine excel.

The diamond to the artist's hands
Its sparkling lustre gives—
Thy worth to friendship's voice expands,
And in her bosom lives.

LLANGOLLEN VALE.*

THROUGH thy scenes, fair Llangollen, delighted I wander,
O'er thy ruin-crowned hill, 'mid thy rocks and thy woods,
Where the Dee through thy vale glides in gentle meander,
Or thunders amain in the might of his floods.

I feel there a wild and unearthly emotion,
Apart from the haunts and the tumults of men;
And I gaze on the shrine with a pilgrim's devotion,
Where thy cross and thy pillar make holy the glen.

* Llangollen is a beautiful valley in Denbighshire, N. Wales, remarkable for the many grand and picturesque objects which at one view present themselves—bounded on the right

There, safe from life's tumult and folly's intrusion,
I fly from the world, from its cares and its throng,
And I list with delight in the bower of seclusion,
To the harp's thrilling chords and the magic of song.

by the Gliseg rocks, where, till within a few years, the eagles built their nests. To the left the Berwin mountains stretch their giant chain, and from their summits may be distinctly seen, at one view, thirteen counties. A navigable aqueduct extends across the valley, supported on twenty handsome square stone columns, one hundred and twenty feet high. The river Dee rolls his blue waters through the fine arches in sublime beauty, whilst the boats and small craft seem to float in air along the suspended canal. In the centre of the valley, on a lofty conical hill, rising eighteen hundred feet in perpendicular height, stands Castle Dinasbran, one of the most ancient ruins in Britain.

THOUGHTS ON MAN.

Oh! what an erring, strange machine is man!
Occasion's plaything! but one movement crippled,
The rest not act at all, or act amiss.
Yet in his hour of health and tinsel riches,
How the poor toy parades and puppets it!
Thoughtless, although a thousand times reminded
By all the various trifling accidents
That hourly chafe him. Ev'n the breeze that spares
The yellow milk weed's feathery seeded globe,
Fails not to fret some fibre; then, poor engine,
Thy faltering movements flag, or madly rage,
Disorganized. Alas, frail being!

That more imperfect art, for that thyself
Might make thyself more perfect: thy boasted
mind,
What is it? a weak instrument of strings,
That every passion plays on, from the breath
Of love, that swells seraphic symphonies,
To the coarse chords that spleen or anger
strikes;
And all untune it. Though reason often
Shall the tone restore, a breath, a bubble
Will the nerves unstring, and bid them jangle
Harsh discord. Such is man, man as he is,
Though what he ought to be, right well he
knows:
The earthly image of his Heavenly Maker!
In stature firm, would he but loathe and leave
The serpent luxury—upright in heart;
Inflexible in reason, and in mind!
Bright, luminous, and pure as are the stars
Which spangle the dark azure robe of night,
Commingling all, (like myriad links of thought,)
Forming one glorious mental galaxy!

AN ELEGY.

Oh! sweet, my Henry, round thy brow
The rose and yew are twin'd together,
The rose was blooming, so wert thou,
Too blooming far, for death to wither.
The yew was green, and green to me
For ever lives thy memory.

I have a flow'r that press'd the mouth
Of one upon his cold bier lying,
To me more fragrant than the south,
O'er banks of op'ning violets flying;
Its leaves have drooped, are pale and dry,
Yet blooming to affection's eye.

Oh! I shall ne'er forget the kiss
I gave thee on that morn of mourning;
Thy placid smile bespoke the bliss
Of innocence to God returning;

May'st thou return that kiss to me
In realms of bright eternity!

Oh! sweet, my Henry, may'st thou rest
Thro' death's long night in peaceful slumber,
Till angels call thee to be blest,
And join the winged seraph's number.
Then death shall fly the happy throng,
And days of bliss shall roll along.

LINES

On receiving, as a parting present, the little flower called

VERGIS MEIN NICHT—FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET thee! summer may forget to bloom,
Roses to blush, or yield their sweet perfume,
The silver moon the sable night t' illume,
But I'll remember thee!

Forget thee! all may be forgot beside,
But through this world, whatever may betide,
Should fortune smile, or pleasure be denied,
I will remember thee!

Forget thee! years of pain may onward roll,
Sorrow may throw her shadows o'er my soul,
Sickness may chill my heart, but through the whole
I will remember thee!

Forget thee! yes! when winter winds shall sweep
O'er the cold turf where I am laid asleep;—
Till I have ceased to smile, and ceased to weep,
I will remember thee!

THE GOBLINS.

O'er foggy fens we goblins ride,
And flit around the moor fiends' taper,
Alluring wilder'd wights aside,
Led by the dim and lambent vapour.
Through tufted rushes, segs, and reeds,
Through ponds of slimy water weeds;
And when they get
Their hosen* wet,
Ho! ho! we cry,
And away we hie,
Laughing aloud right lustily.

* These men were bound in their coats, hosen, hats, and other garments. DANIEL.

The heavy nightmare we bestride,
On the sick man's bosom sitting.
With frightful eyes and visage wide,
When first his slumbers soft are knitting,
He seems on joyous journey gone,
But labouring gets no footstep on,
Then toppling starts,
As sleep departs,
Ho! ho! we cry,
And away we hie,
Laughing aloud right lustily.

In war our wicked crew careers,
Round Death's pale horse on arrows flying,
Quaff the sorrowing virgin's tears,
Smile o'er the dead, and mock the dying.
At kings and their poor fools we laugh,
Whose lives are scatter'd cheap as chaff.
And when the roar
Of havock's o'er,
Ho! ho! we cry,
And away we hie,
Laughing aloud right lustily.

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A PURSE.

Gold seals and rings,
And such gay things,
We find are given in plenty,
But you can give,
And I receive,
A purse that's never empty.

Be not afraid,
That what I've said,
Is more polite than true;
For, robb'd of gold,
It then will hold
More gratitude to you.

Beneath the pelf
A tiny elf
Lies snug, and slily listens!
Thy boon to see,
Sweet Charity!
His eye with pleasure glistens.

Against the poor
To shut the door,
Should worldly thoughts intrude,
The urchin springs,
And angry sings,
Forget not gratitude.

THE MAID OF DOVE.

THERE stands a cot 'midst mountains wild,
Where glides the silv'ry tide of Dove,
There age and infancy once smiled,
In joyous innocence and love.

Now through the tangled brake, scarce seen,
The yellow thatch, by moss o'ergrown,
Tells of the days that once have been,
Of happiness forever flown.

The maid, like star of jasmine flower,
Shone brightly through the dark green shade;
But hope deferr'd and love's strong power,
The blossom 'neath the turf have laid.

Thus the young bud in blushing fold,
Gives hope of sweet maturity,
Whilst at the heart a canker cold
Fades its fair tint, and bids it die.

JE VOUS AIME.

UNDER infant passion's sway,
Love first led me to thy door,
Still his dictates I obey,
Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.

Can you, with a heedless air,
Slight a flame so chaste and pure,
Whilst I thus with truth declare,
Je vous aime de tout mon cœur?

Love rejects not humble dress,
Let fine fops your sex allure,
Whilst my days with joy you bless,
Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.

SUMMER.

Hail to thee, summer, nymph blooming and fair,
Swallows in gossamers laced to thy car;
Flora thy path with sweet blossoms has spread,
Tall flowers bend to engarland thy head,
Thy verdant light veil, and thy locks lily drest,
Float ambient in air, or repose on thy breast;
Birds of all beauties their melodies sound,
While fairies and dryads lie sleeping around.

Haste to thy temple, nymph, lonely and still,
Peeping through slope woods that mantle the hill:
Vallies below it sweep rich to the view,
Prospects around it spread distant and blue.
There stands thy fair altar, O long may it last!
Rich in ambrosial fruits! luscious repast!

Fancy and music shall charm thy light hours,
And souls, like thy season, fling open their
flowers.

Bloom, lovely summer, we bless thy sojourn,
Late may'st thou linger and early return;
Fragrance and freshness await all thy flowers,
Sunshine and rainbow attend all thy showers;
May thy delicate morning shine breezy and
bright,
Clouds o'er thy blue noon sail fleecy and light;
Shining in sunbeams each evening close,
And crimson gold curtains hang round thy
repose.

BOOK WORMS.

On hearing a gentleman complain that this destructive insect had got into his books.

There is a sort of busy worm,
That will the fairest books deform,
By gnawing holes throughout them;
Alike through every leaf they go,
Yet of its merits nought they know,
Nor care they aught about them.

Their tasteless tooth will tear and taint
The poet, patriot, sage, or saint,
Nor sparing wit nor learning.
Now, if you'd know the reason why,
The best of reasons I'll supply—
'Tis bread to the poor vermin.

Of snuff or e'en tobacco smoke,
Or Russia calf, they make a joke;
Yet, why should sons of science
The puny, rankling reptiles dread?
'Tis but to let their books *be read*,
And bid the worms defiance.

TO A CHILD,

ON HER ATTENTION TO A FAVOURITE OLD DOG.

The tear that falls upon my Julia's cheek,
As o'er her favourite dog she weeping bends,
Seems like a gem to my admiring gaze,
For gratitude and pity sent it there;
Dearer to me that tear than pleasure's smile,
Sweeter than dew drop on a violet's rim.
Poor faithful Flirt! how mutely eloquent
Is that faint effort to get nearer thee!
Blind, deaf, and lame, still nature speaks in her
A useful lesson to thy youthful heart.
Age cannot chill affection in her breast,
Nor e'en with ebbing life does she forget
To love the fostering hand that fed her;
Affection led her in thy infant years
To watch thy playful feet, and be thy guide,
Now be it thine to help her tottering steps,
And gently lead her to her grassy grave.

MADRIGAL.

Sweet Fancy, free advance,
With light and lively air;
For on thy brow the fresh flow'rs dance,
And every flower is fair.

Thine are the sunny hours,
That sweet and soon are past,
But though as fading as thy flowers,
They're lovely while they last.

Then here delay thy foot,
And here thy garlands twine,
For Reason's ray ne'er ripen'd fruit,
So rich as flowers in thine.

THE MERMAIDS.

O SEEK ye where the mermaids are,
That braided erst their bands?
Down to the summer sea repair,
Where yonder youthful females fair
Play on the trackless sands.
  And forms ye'll find more light and free,
  Than e'er were syrens of the sea.

Their snowy teeth surpass the pearl,
Below the wave that dwells,
Their lucid locks more curious curl,
Their coral lips more flush unfurl,
Than e'er did vermil shells;
  And, oh! their eyes of heavenly hue
  Out-azure ocean's deepest blue!

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Affection led her in thy infant years
To watch thy playful feet, and be thy guide,
Now be it thine to help her tottering steps,
And gently lead her to her grassy grave.

Then seek their rounds of revelries,
Their pranks and pleasures high,
Gloze on their mermaid melodies,
Their wiles and winsome witcheries;
And then ye'll heave a sigh,
To think on the sea-maids of yore,
Amid these syrens of the shore.

SONNET.

TO A MOTHER.

THE sister seasons hand in hand have danced a merry round,
And spring again, with all her charms and budding sweets, is found,
The infant year again renews a mother's promised joy,
For intellectual blossoms mark the *life-spring* of her boy.
Each day, each hour, a kindling ray some blushing floweret opes,
And, as the sun the lily gilds, so shine a mother's hopes.
She sees, through watchful, glist'ning tears, the mental leaves unfold,
Like flowers silver'd o'er with dew, ere noon has turn'd them gold.

O happy youth! sweet morn of life! like incense breathing May,
Soft as the plumage of the dove, and varied as its ray!
Ah! who would wish to check the breeze that plays so sweet along
The waters of that soft blue lake, or wish the current strong!
Let it shine on in heaven's own light, its own ethereal blue,
The only shade a fleecy cloud warmed by a sunny hue!

THE GHOST OF MYFANWY VECHAN,

The lovely inhabitant of Castle Dinasbran, in the 13th century.

When sad by the moon's pale light,
Unseen I love to flit,
Or on the ruin's height,
In silent sadness sit;
On times long past I dwell,
In agonizing thought,
Of chiefs—oh! sad to tell!
Who fell in battles fought.
When spears and falchions gleam'd afar,
When foe met foe in murd'rous war!
And feuds and hatred fill'd the hour,
Heedless of time's destructive power.

How silent now the warrior's voice!
Of valiant tribes the envied choice.
How still that heart, which proudly beat!
Unnerv'd that arm—in battle's heat
Which bore his country's standard at the call
Of some proud chieftain, from his battled hall
Lowly, alas! beneath the moss-clad pile,
The sad remains of Crucis' holy aisle,*
Sleeps undisturb'd the brave;
Or in the common grave,
With weeds and grass o'ergrown,
Only by Glisseg's pillar shown.

O'er memory's mirror thus but dimly seen,
Pass scenes of woe!—but, ah! with gentle mien
One shade, yet ling'ring in my sight,
Bright'ning the gloomy depths of night,
Reminds me that I lov'd!
How once my youthful bosom heav'd
At the fond tale my soul believ'd,
And all its anxious pleasures prov'd

* The abbey Val Crucis was of Cistertian order, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and founded by Madoc ap Gryffyd Mælor, lord of Dinasbran, about the year 1200.

Then gallant knights sought my proud heart to
win,
By deeds of arms, by songs of love—in vain.
Then, Hoel,* thou, mild as the morn of spring,
In letter'd lay sang thy soft plaining strain.

Now welcome, harbinger of day!
Thy faintly warbling voice I hear
Tremulous, and varying as the ray,
Which bids me, with a smile divine,
"Nimbly hie to my confine,"
Sweet vale, adieu!

* The celebrated bard who sang the praises of the fair Myfanwy.

THE LAY OF HOEL'S HARP.

HOEL was a celebrated Welch bard of the thirteenth century. He wrote an ode in praise of the beautiful Myfanwy Vechan, which is still extant in the original language. The following extract is a literal translation from the Welch.

THY Hoel sings in golden verse thy praise,
Myfanwy! daughter of a generous chief!
Thou fair descendant from great Tudor's line.
When first I saw thee in thy marble hall,
Thy beauteous form arrayed in scarlet robes,
I felt, to lose my life for thee, were bliss.
Thy bright eyes shone beneath thy brows of jet,
Like stars beneath the sombre brow of night,
Shedding light and lustre—O Myfanwy!
Smile on thy Hoel's love, and bid him live.

I taught all countries to resound thy praise,
Which every minstrel was well pleased to
chaunt.
Thy beauty shineth like the spider's web
Trembling in the dew of a summer's morn.
Thy mind resembles the bright rolling Dee,
Sparkling in whiteness of the curling wave.
Daily I turn mine eyes on thee, until
I lose my sight by gazing on thy form.
O thou that shinest like the new fallen snow
Upon thy golden hill of Dinasbran,
Turn not, O turn not thy bright looks from me,
Or Hoel's sun must set in endless night.

LINES ON THE LAY OF HOEL'S HARP.

Cold and wan looks the moon on thy walls, Dinasbran,
And mournfully murmurs the dark rolling Dee,
But the lamp of my life is more lonely and wan,
And sorrow high swelling flows darker to me.
Yet bright was my joy in the spring of my love,
And rich were the blossoms in hope's early glow;
But Myfanwy is cold, and poor Hoel must prove
On his harp and his heaven the winter of woe.

O Myfanwy divine! thou art Britain's bright
star,
Though malignant to Hoel, thou merciless
maid;
Yet it soothes me to think I thy radiance may
share,
When in yonder lone abbey my sorrows are
laid;
For to gem the bright raptures of beauties
unborn,
Brother bards in their garlands my tears will
enshrine,
And while Dee shall the vale of Llangollen
adorn,
Will the name of Myfanwy be mingled with
mine.

THE COT OF CONTENT.

On the banks of the Schuylkill still evening was glinting,
And the tide's silvery surge a soft murmuring kept,
While the bright hues of Autumn the slope woods were tinting,
And the brown sunny mountains in mellowness slept.
There I mark'd a sweet villa, the day star declining,
Where the jessamine linger'd, with late roses blent,
Where the scarlet-leav'd creepers neat trellac'd were twining,
And they call'd the sweet bower—the Cot of Content.

Bloom on, lovely bower! and may thy possessor,
In her beauties as soft and as soothing as thine,
Bloom on to life's autumn, while blending to
bless her,
The blossoms of feature and fancy combine.
'Tis enough for the minstrel, if haply dejected,
In Elysian remembrance thy tints shall remain,
When his cot of contentment in air is erected,
With thy roses to wreathe it, and bloom there
again.

LINES

On perceiving that the damp had effaced part of a manuscript letter of Thomas Campbell, Esq.

Ah! stay the withering breath of time,
  The mildew of decay;
Nor blot from sight one thought sublime
  Of Campbell's sacred lay.

Oh! how could chilly damp arise,
  Where every line, like fire
Celestial, shines; and to our eyes
  Paints husband, friend, and sire!

As when o'er lovely blossoms bright,
  Of mingled colours chaste,
Descend some envious, cruel blight,
  To lay their beauties waste;

Apollo darts his vivid ray,
  Dispels the fatal gloom,
And balmy gales in breath of May
  Bid the sweet flowers bloom.

So, Campbell, shall each thought of thine,
  Of magic power possest,
Like relic brought from holy shrine,
  On fame's bright altar rest!

A WALK BY THE SEA SIDE.

On the smooth shore at evening I walk'd with the maid,
When the broad sun of summer hung o'er the white waves,
Like the flowers of the rock in the zephyrs we played,
And amused the light echoes that laughed in their caves.

For we mortals are May-flies, bright, airy, and blest,
When in love's happy sunbeams enclustering met,
And, ah! like the sunbeams that weep in the west,
They are balmy and brightest when nearest to set.

But the moments are few when in happiness high,
The full heart is feasting in transports so true;
To the ear all is music, all charms to the eye,
To the soul all delight—but such moments are few.

Like the hours of high summer, when hedge-roses wild
Bend, clustering, flush on the blossoming spray,
While bright mornings are fresh, and late evenings are mild,
Oh! how lovely they bloom! but how soon fall away!

Farewell to thee, Conway! proud castle, farewell!
Thy grandeur and beauties my sad spirit leaves,
When again the light harebells nod o'er thy green dell,
And the summer birds skim o'er thy bright sunny waves.

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And the summer birds skim o'er thy bright sunny waves.

Then think on me, lady! in far distant lands,
How sportive I caught up a coralline shell,
And wrote at thy feet, in the silvery sands,
What, the more we are bless'd with, the less
we can tell.

Like that *short* word I wrote, are its moments
of bloom,
Few, tender, expressive, bright, open, and gay,
And oh! like those letters, they're traced on
their tomb,
For the full heart has tides too that sweep them
away.

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

Ah! thou, whose breast with gen'rous passion thrills,
Whose heart throbs high at every woe-fraught tale,
Save a poor bird from winter's dreary ills,
Whose plaintive notes swell on the evening gale.

Hear in those notes your feather'd warbler's prayer,
Small is his boon, but humble his request;
Yet, while his song re-echoes through the air,
With anxious bodings beats his little breast.

When from the blust'ring north bleak tempests rude,
Howl o'er the hills, and swiftly scour the plain,
And pent in frost the earth denies him food,
The scanty pittance of a single grain,

This boon he craves, that at your friendly door,
Bounteous a few small bread crumbs you'll bestow;
Or one small grain pick'd from the chickens' store,
No robbery deem from off the drifted snow.

At night when howls the west wind through the trees,
And dripping rain the flowing river swells,
He asks a shelter from the chilling breeze,
Beneath your roof where calm contentment dwells.

When spring returning glads the garb of day,
And nature's face smiles cheerful through the grove,
In gratitude he'll pour his humble lay,
And hail the evening sacred to your love.

TWILIGHT:

WRITTEN AFTER PARTING FROM A DEAR FRIEND.

The hour of parting now is past,
The throbbing sigh is lull'd to rest,
Dried are those tears that fell so fast,
And all is hush within my breast.

'Tis now the quiet twilight hour,
And evening draws her darkling veil,
Hiding from view the blushing flower,
The whiten'd cot, the hill, and dale.

On rapid wing the swallow flits,
Quick darting to her clay built home,
And in the thorn the white owl sits,
Watching till shadowy night shall come.

The feather'd songsters, one by one,
Have ceased to sing their evening lay;
Save that lone thrush, whose plaintive tone
Seems requiem for departed day.

And in this calm serenity,
I find my feelings well exprest,
My morn, and noon of life gone bye,
The eve steals on to peaceful rest.

MONODY.

Poor monodist!
How few will care my lays to list,
As wandering as my walk,
And free (were friend but there, I wist)
As transitory talk.
For I'm a solitary one,
Given to lounge alone,
Through tangled dells,
By mossy wells;
Or bask at ease,
In sunny days,
Beside the mountain stone.

Not that I lag with leaping heart to greet
Companion boon, or festal gay,
But that the rolling year has many a day,
When those who make such meetings sweet,
Are far away.

Alone,
When solace of society I've none,
I converse hold with every thing I see;
Then every tree, and brook, and mossy stone,
Are friends to me.

I launch that wondrous bark, the mind,
Toss'd on a tide of thought,
To sail before the wavering wind,
By Fancy's canvass caught;
Till far on wide Imagination's seas,
Reason the rudder stays,
And home the long lost vessel guides
From azure isles, through stormy tides,
With fairy treasures fraught.

I know not why,
It is not that my temper's shy,
Nor that my heart is proud,
But, sooth! I cannot learn the way
To mix with minds of every day,
In converse of the crowd.
Not that I seek the honour of a name
Among the sons of soul,
In the bright roll

That decorates the echoing dome of fame;
Nor seek I that my song,
From the deep learn'd throng,
One kindred chord of approbation call.
The breeze-awaken'd harp as well
May softly swell,
By the proud roar of Niagara's fall.

But give me, mountain muse,
Whether I chuse,
Perch'd on the point of Andes' topmost height,
My keen-eyed thought to throw
Around the mighty map that lies below;
Or gaze with aching eye
On all the vast concavity of sky,
Myself an undistinguish'd mite:—

—Or if I watch the driving storm,
Sheltering within some cavern warm,
That opens where the ocean raves,
And tosses wide its weltering waves,
With ceaseless roar,
Lashing the shore,
While dim-discern'd some labouring vessel
heaves,

And bending strains before the battering rain;
While the scream is heard
Of the gray sea-bird,
That rides the rolling main;—

—Or whether, at the hour of noon,
All in the sultry day of June,
Beneath the broad and mantling shade
Of some green linden tree I'm laid,
Upon whose pendant flowers I see,
High in the boughs, the dangling bee—
Give me, I say, O mountain muse!
Whatever scene I chance to chuse,
If not like poet to impart,
To gaze with poet's eye, and feel with poet's heart.

But sometimes, if at eve
Thou'dst give me but to touch the lyre,
With something more than vulgar fire,
And some light lay in pleasing verse to weave,
Time's weary wing it would with plumes supply
In lagging hours;
Or should some twin-soul'd friend be nigh,

Lest time unhonour'd and too swiftly fly,
Load him with flowers.

The child,
On whom a mother never smil'd,
Can little feel that mother's loss.
So I, whose name
Has never known the smile of fame,
Know not what clouds her dawn may cross.
Without fame's feeble ray,
(Like that of March's fickle day,)
Content, unhonour'd, my short round to roam.
There is a steadier star will light
My edge of night,
And sweetly guide me to my long, long home.

SONG.

I LO'ED a lassie unco weel,
  But now she winna look on me;
Ah! wae's my heart, the grief I feel,
  For kind, an' blythesome ance was she.

Now a' the day in tears I gang,
  And a' the lee lang night I mourn;
For, oh! it breaks my heart, the pang,
  That kindness should be turn'd to scorn.

The morning smile upon the flower,
  Though sweet, nae evening smiles ensure;
For clouds that come at mid-day hour,
  Till setting sun o'er aft endure.

Sae clouds ha'e gather'd on my way,
  But ilka day, and ilka year,
While wild flowers grow on broomy brae,
  To me, false lassie, ye'se be dear.

POOR SUSAN'S DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In the mid of the night, as in slumber I lay,
Methought that my false one drew near,
The beams of the moon shone as bright as the day,
And the form of the vision as clear.

The ring of our love from my finger he drew,
And angrily broke it in twain;
Then of beauteous bright pearls which glisten'd like dew,
Threw over my bosom a chain.

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I rose, and I ran to the flower-bed in haste,
My fav'rite green myrtle to see,
My myrtle which careful in shelter I'd placed,
The garland of marriage to be.*

On a sudden I started, for with fear I had found
My beads had all broke from their band,
Like tear-drops they fell, one by one, to the ground,
And melted away in the sand.

I searched all around with vexation and fear,
I search'd, not a pearl could be seen;
But to flowers of dark rosemary fit for the bier,
Was changed my lov'd myrtle so green.

* It is a custom in some parts of Germany, when a couple are affianced, to exchange rings. The lady is then called a bride, and she receives from her lover a *myrtle*, which is carefully nursed till the day of their marriage, when it is woven into a nuptial wreath, and worn by the bride to church.

Nor need I turn over the dream book, nor ask
The wise-woman* its signs to explain;
Alas! all too easy, too short is the task,
The truth of my dream is too plain.

Break, break, my poor heart! like the ring of
our love,
Flow, tears, as my pearl-drops flowed down;
The flowers of dark rosemary soon shall be
wove,
And death the dark vision shall crown.

* Fortune-teller.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

Once let the muse, ah! once at least record
A bloodless victory. At Easter-tide
Four centuries and one score years from Christ,
Did St. Germanus lead the British file,
Wet from his hands baptis'd on Alyn's banks,
'Gainst legion'd Picts and Saxons. At a sign
Three times the faithful band shout hallelujah!
The echoing woods, as from ten thousand tongues,
Shout hallelujah! Back the baffled hosts
Retire precipitate, confused, astonished,
And spare the woes of war. Oh! spare them too,
Ye misnam'd followers of the Prince of Peace,
That to your Christian creeds can reconcile,
What man still perpetrates, and heaven abhors.

TO A FRIEND,

On his expressing surprise that I should name a yew tree my favourite in his garden.

Come, let us trace these groves and bowers,
Where late sweet summer smiled;
Where zephyr's breath and balmy showers,
Refresh'd each floweret wild.
Ah! where's the wavy woodbine now,
That lent its graceful aid,
In rich festoons, from bough to bough,
Forming a fragrant shade?
And where the varied garlands gay,
That blossom'd sweet around?
Why, Time, so soon their beauties lay,
In sterile winter bound!
But mark that tree so deeply green,
Its shade almost a gloom,
It still retains its summer sheen,

And firm, resists thy doom.
That is the tree which friendship chose,
To mark her changeless hue,
Nor summer sun, nor winter snows,
Can fade its colour true.
And other reasons I could find,
By fancy fondly framed;
Why, as a landmark to your mind,
The sombre yew I named.

CONSTANCE.

When the tears of gladness glisten,
Lovely maiden! trembling in thine eye,
Sweet to kiss them off! and listen
To the thanks of a soft grateful sigh.

Dearest Constance! to behold thee,
On thy charms to gaze again,
To my beating heart to fold thee!
More than pays for all my pain.

But, oh! the thought that we must sever,
Be torn apart—perhaps for ever!
O that thought!—my tortured heart
Can ne'er endure its trembling smart!

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THE RING.

A SERPENT, the old poets sing,
Was eternity's emblem of yore,
With a tail in its mouth like a ring,
A circle the form which it wore.
Then why not the ring which you gave,
Be eternity's emblem with me;
And remain, till I rest in the grave,
A memorial of friendship and thee?

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LINES GIVEN WITH A WATCH.

Go, little monitor, and tell my son
How swift the minutes fly;
That time on rapid wheel moves on,
For ever hurrying by.

Go, bid him guard, with care and zeal,
Time, as his choicest friend;
Say, thou wilt lead to woe or weal,
As he thy hours shall spend.

Tell him the pulses of my heart
As true as thine will beat,
My breast the dial shall impart,
His love the solar heat.

TO THE HONOURABLE W—— E——,

ON HIS LEAVING EATON FOR OXFORD.

O LET Time come on silv'ry wing,
And wreathe his brow with flowers of spring!
His scythe lay by, and smile to see
His glass run sparkling on for thee.
May Pallas, deck'd in smiles, be near,
To lead thy steps from year to year,
Till manhood open wide to view,
Life's checker'd scenes in varied hue.
Nor dazzled with the meteor glare
Of tinsel pleasure, false though fair;
Nor eager bent on learning's lore,
Incautiously the mine explore;
But heedful tread the tangled maze,
Lest, hurried on by lurid blaze,

The phantom lead to doubt, and ill,
And sceptic thoughts thy bosom fill.
Believe not every letter'd page
To breathe the truth of virtuous sage;
Beneath much classic lore may lie,
Concealed, a dark misanthropy;
Teaching distrust of man to man,
And e'en on holy nature scan,
With haggard doubt, and sullen pride;
Like evil spirit, to deride
The good, beyond their skill to find,
And plant a canker in the mind.
Of these beware! trust rather such
That bid nor hope, nor fear too much,—
Let temperance lead to truth sublime,
And earn a laurel crown from Time.

INDISPOSITION.

There is a balm above all medicine,
—A mind at ease.

WHILST on my couch I musing lie,
And seek from pain some lullaby,
Nature, I turn to thee;
Of thee implore a soothing aid,
And quick I find the wish repaid,
By soul-fraught ecstasy.

I gaze upon yon azure sky,
My thoughts on downy pinions fly
Above this nether world;
But pain soon checks the airy flight,
And back from scenes of heavenly light,
To earth my thoughts are hurl'd.

Again from self my mind I bear,
Through verdant meads in spirit wend
My fond exploring way.
I list the throstle's thrilling note,
Where rippling waters murmuring flow
Or dash their silvery spray.

And as religion opes to view
Her chasten'd scenes in common true,
Shall I not comfort know?
And patient bear the suffering pain,
When God and Nature fill my mind
With love's celestial glow.

TO MILLICENT.

The artist's pencil is not mine,
Nor mine the poet's sounding lyre:
'Tis theirs to draw the flowing line,
'Tis theirs to praise with words of fire.

Yet I can tell in simple lay,
But with a heart as warm as true,
That, till this life shall fade away,
I cannot cease to love you.

Like blossoms on one stem we grew,
And hail'd the spring of life with bliss,
In joy and love the moments flew,
Can memory e'er forget this?

We've seen the spring in verdure clad,
Have felt the summer's fervid glow,
Seen autumn's store the fields make glad,
And shiver'd in the winter's snow.

Seasons may change, and time may roll
Its ceaseless course;—but, ah! 'tis vain,
By change, or time, to check the soul,
Or snap the link of love in twain.

Years have pass'd o'er, since first I knew
The worth of friend so true, so dear,
And passing moments but renew
The charm of kindred spirits here.

FAIR MONITRESS.

Fair monitress! you sweetly preach
And fancied follies chide;
I'd gladly learn the truths you teach,
And by those truths abide.

If sometimes in erratic flight,
My thoughtless spirits move,
If sometimes I should speak too light
Of what I dearly love—

If, when I talk of love in jest,
I seem at him to scoff,
My heart, which knows how to love best,
But seems to laugh him off.

I laugh at folly, laugh at pride,
At littleness I smile,
While these poor failings I deride,
I many a woe beguile.

If 'tis philosophy, 'tis well,
That teaches apathy,
She's wisdom's child, and will not dwell
With frolic fancy free.

Full oft my heart, by sorrow worn,
My dearest wishes crost,
My thoughts, dejected and forlorn,
In melancholy lost—

Seeks in false spirits some relief,
Some momentary charm,
Like light that plays round marbled grief,
It *shines*, but cannot *warm*.

ISABEL.

One evening, as Love near his mother was laid,
On a violet bank 'neath a moss-rose tree's shade,
He pluck'd a sweet blossom, and carelessly cried,
By my Isabel's cheek thy tints are outvied.

With a start of surprise Venus gaz'd on her son,
And her lip spoke contempt for the wrong he had done;
Yet a blush ting'd her cheek, and her eye shed a tear,
So painful the praise of a rival to hear.

To this Love replied, with an arch smiling look,
While a shaft from his quiver he playfully drew,
Forgive me, if you for another I took,
I've mistaken my Isabel often for you.

ODE,

Addressed to a party of friends, assembled in commemoration of the anniversary

OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 23.

Compiled from his own works.

He, the bright star we hail to-day,
O Time, shall never own thy sway,
But plume thy wing with angel feather;
His light shall lustre on thy glass,
Gilding the sand grains as they pass,
And both—oh! both shall fall together.

"THIS is the day, that gave
Our matchless Shakspeare birth, and took him to
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne

No traveller returns.* He was, in sooth,
The most replenished, sweet work of Nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she framed,
And train'd him up within her own sweet court,
Where, being but young, he framed to the harp
Full many an English ditty lovely well.
Do not smile at me, that I boast him off,
For ye shall find he will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind him: 'twere as well
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous face of heaven to garnish.
Oh! he's above all praise; it were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Yet was he gentle; for who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,

* Shakspeare was born on the 23d April 1564, and died April 23d, 1616.

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.
O thou, divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy princely boy!—he was gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head; and yet as rough,
His noble blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind
That by the top doth take the mountain pines,
And make them stoop to the vale.—'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To poetry unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen in other: knowledge
That wildly grew in him, yet yielded crops
As though it had been sown: for he could find
Tongues in the trees, books by the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;
Holding as 'twere the mirror up to nature,
Showing virtue her own feature, scorn her image,
The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure:—Hear but his mirth,

Perforce you'd laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by the dial; in sooth, a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
We cannot spend an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair pen (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished.
  So sweet and voluble is his discourse,
That hear him reason in divinity,
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire he had been made a prelate.
Hear him debate in commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
  Turn him to any part of poesy,
The Gordian knot of it will he unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
A still mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences,

That not o'erstep the modesty of nature.
Take them and cut them out in little stars,
They're thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,
And fall on us, like gentle dews from heaven
Upon the plants beneath; they are twice blest,
They bless both him that gives, and him that takes.

'Though gentleness his soft enforcement be,
Yet he in fiction, in a dream of passion,
Can force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That he can drown the very stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

He can call spirits from the vasty deep,
Make churchyards yawn, and show the sheeted ghosts
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Making night horrible, and tales unfold
That harrow up the soul, and freeze the blood,
To hear them squeal and gibber.

Ruling at will, by his so potent art,

The elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,
That do by moonshine green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; that dew-drops
seek,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,
While sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the
bank,
And tips with silver all the fruit-tree trops.
He's of imagination all compact,
For aye his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, his ready pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.
Oh! what a noble piece of work was he!
In faculty, in reason infinite!
Express and admirable, like an angel!
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal.

Heaven has him now.—
Yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his reliques; and *this* day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the calendar,
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And from his fair and unpolluted grave
May violets spring.—With sweetest, fairest flowers,
While proud pied April, drest in all his trim,
And summer lasts, and I live here, sweet William,
We'll strew thy grave,—Carnations and streaked
Gilliflowers,
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping.—Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytheræa's breath: pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips and

The crown imperial : lilies of all kinds,
The flower de lis being one.—And then we'll
all
Ring Fancy's knell, with concord of sweet
sounds,
And true-love show'rs.

Sweets to the sweet, farewell !
For if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

THE ELFIN BRIDE.

Young Merlin he sat with the white lady,
All in her summer bower;
And the redbreast sang, and the suckle-stalk sprang,
As the humble-bee lit on its flower.

The evening was calm, and the air was balm,
And the sun's upper rim was bright,
As it melted away o'er the mountains gray,
In a line of burning light.

Now show me (quoth he) the fairy land,
Since thou art a maid of their race,
For I fain would see that airy country,
That wots not of time nor place.

Thou shalt visit it now (quoth the white lady)
  While this goblet of glass is ringing,
Ere this ivory ball to the earth shall fall,
  That now in the air I am flinging.

Then smartly she struck the goblet of glass,
  With her nail so pink and so white,
And keenly it rung, as the ball she flung,
  Aloof in the air upright.

On a sudden he seem'd in a far country,
  Where the light of the broad noon-day
Was such as is seen through the silken green
  Of the young beech leaves in May.

Either stately as man, or in stature a span,
  The good fairy folk may appear,
But shapely and slim aye in feature and limb,
  With all things according clear.

On two palfreys they sprang, and the silver
    bits rang,
As o'er mountain and moor they rode;
They gallop'd across the soft deep moss,
  But it sunk not where they trode.

And every where, small, shrilly, and clear,
  He heard the fairy folks singing,
'Mid the silvery swells of pipes and bells,
  That around him for ever were ringing.

The voices he heard were sweet as the bird
  That sings the last vesper mass:
And the shrill notes clear that fell on his ear,
  Seem'd touch'd on bells of glass.

At the fairy feast the mortal guest
  By the side of his elf-maid lay,
And their delicate fare it was rich and rare,
  And the feasters were gallant and gay.

"Now show him the dance of the four damsels
  That poets are bless'd but to see."
So he laid his head, as the fairy ring spread,
  At the feet of his white lady.

The first was a maid on whose tinted cheek
  Love's earliest dawn was seen,
And her fresh robe's studs were of young rose-
    buds,
  Ere the red peep'd through the green.

The next nymph was gay all in flaunting array,
  With blossoms both flushing and fair,
And her green gauzy veil did perfumes exhale,
  Floating light on the languid air.

The third was in brown, edg'd with soft saffron,
  And stately her stature and mein,
And the white polish'd charms of her ancles
    and arms,
  Were in bracelets of red berries seen.

The last was in white, but rosy and bright,
  Crowned with holly sprigs berry-emboss'd,
And a feather of snow wav'd over her brow,
  Spangled with spikes of frost.

They saluted, they set, they fell back, and they
    met,
  Around him full seven times flinging;
While every where, small, shrilly, and clear,
  He heard the fairy folk singing,
'Mid the silvery swells of pipes and bells,
  That around him for ever were ringing.

When pleasures refin'd hold the delicate mind,
  How the high tide of time runs by!
And the bounding soul, with her sails all full,
  Mounts the bright sunny billows of joy.

Thou art little aware, (quoth the elfin fair,)
  While the dance of these maids went on,
That to man in the dull cold world thou hast
    left,
  Seven times four seasons are gone.

The fairy folks laugh'd at the youthful bard,
  And his constancy lauded with cheers,
His vows to have paid to the same fair maid,
  And have sigh'd at her feet seven years.

"If so rapid and rife pass the years of this life,
  'Tis fit I the rest employ."
So the nymph to his breast he fain would have
    press'd,
  To hasten the height of his joy.

Away shot the fays in a sparkle of rays,
  And rapidly flash'd their flight;

Like the noon sun's glance on a burnish'd lance,
  That a moment but meets the sight.

He gaz'd all around the dull heathy ground,
  Neither tree nor bush was there,
But dreary and wide all on every side,
  Spread the heath, dry, brown, and bare.

Yet every where, small, shrilly, and clear,
  He heard the fairy folks singing,
'Mid the silvery swells of pipes and bells,
  That around him for ever were ringing.

The sun went down, and the moon's pale ray
  With the small stars rose in the sky.
Yet night by night, and day by day,
Save the sun's bright rule, and the moon's pale
    sway,
And the twinkling stars in mute array,
  No other change met his eye.

Yet Merlin he mark'd with a sage's skill,
  The moon both waxed and waned;
And the sun so bright of his noontide height,
  Full slowly lost and gain'd.

And the starry lyre by the Dragon's gyre,
  On the early night that shone,
Seven times gave place to the Pleiades,
  And Orion's jewell'd zone.

Still he wander'd around the dull heathy ground,
  So broad, bare, brown, and dry;
Though night by night, and day by day,
Save the sun's bright rule, and the moon's pale
    sway,
And the twinkling stars in mute array,
  No other change met his eye.

Part II.

At length it seem'd seven weary years
  Brought on his hour of grace,
For in robes of air his love came there,
  With angel form and face.

"O lady, take me once again,
  Punish'd these seven long years,
And I'll hang each flower that decks thy bower
  With true repentant tears.

"Who have not others' faults forgiven,
  On true repentance shown,
Shall they presume to ask from Heaven
  Forgiveness on their own!"

"Dear Merlin, I come to hail thee home,
  Where waits our bridal cheer,
Seven minutes, it seems, thy sad mind deems
  A weary seven long year.

"And dull and drear as seven long year
  Is a minute of mental woe,
Compar'd to the flight of the seasons light,
  When love's mild zephyrs blow.

"Time's hour glass sands in sorrow's hands,
  Full sad and slowly pass:
But rapid in sun the bright grains run,
  If pleasure shake the glass.

"To souls in array of mortal clay,
  All lots alike are given;
And though proud man for a century's span
  Through long vain years be driven,
The light fly gay that fills his day,
  Has an equal glimpse of heaven.

"For of earth refin'd the immortal mind
  In part with angels peers;

And ages may seem but as minutes to them,
  And a minute a million years.

"An acorn cup, and a giant's bowl,
  When full, are equally so;
And the fly of a day, and the old man gray,
  Are alike in weal or woe.

"He longest lives that strongest strives
  To fill his appointed lot;
And whose life is the best at the hour of rest,
  Has the surest guerdon got."

So they hasted away to the bridal gay,
  The gallants their fair friends bringing,
While every where, small, shrilly, and clear,
  He heard the fairy folk singing,
'Mid the silvery swells of pipes and bells,
  That around him for ever were ringing.

The rites complete, elf-ringers eight,
  Silk ropes of gossamer flung
O'er the harebells small and throatwort tall,
  And a smart little peal they rung,

Till deep and loud the choral crowd
  Seem'd holy organ's peal,
Then pass'd away, like the breath of May
  Along an evening gale.

Then in lily bed laid sage Merlin he pray'd,
  That befal him or moan or mirth,
His years might go neither swiftly nor slow,
  But all one as with mortals of earth.

His suit was preferr'd, and his prayer was heard,
  And he liv'd with his dame ador'd,
Till seven years pass'd, and with joy at last,
  Seven rosy babes smil'd at his board.

Till one night at the side of his elfin bride,
  For a moment he mourn'd his lot,
As he thought on the vales and green mountains of Wales,
  And his friends so long forgot.

"Thou shalt visit them now, (quoth the white lady,)
  Nor lack our bliss so bland,

For the world above to those who love,
  Is all one as the fairy land."

Then suddenly there, small, shrilly, and clear,
  The fairy folk ceas'd their singing,
And the silvery swells of pipes and bells,
  No longer around him were ringing.

And the fairy land gay all melted away,
  In a misty vapour curl'd;
And his opening eyes beheld with surprise
  The light of this long left world.

And he saw that he sat with the white lady,
  All in her summer bower,
And the redbreast sang, and the suckle stalk
      sprang,
  As the humble-bee left its flower.

The evening was calm, and the air it was balm,
  And the sun's upper rim was bright,
Nor had melted away o'er the mountains gray,
  Its line of burning light.

For to earth but that moment had dropp'd the
ball,
That aloof the lady did fling;
And the goblet so frail, that she struck with
her nail,
But that moment had ceased to ring.

D.

AN ACROSTIC

ON GENERAL WASHINGTON,

Written for the anniversary of his birth-day,

FEBRUARY 22, 1822.

WAKE, wake, my lyre, to strains sublime,
A patriot claims thy sweetest lays,
Songs, like the bards' of ancient time,
Heroes! should resound thy praise!
In council wise, in battle brave!
Nations paid thee homage due.
Glory springs from valour's grave!
The shaft is broke that death once threw.
Oh! worth like thine could never die,
Now, rise to immortality!

SONNET.

COTTAGE or court, the hand of blessedness
Alike may smoothe, or that of misery
Roughen alike; for, ah! nor cot nor court
Either confer, but either self alone.
Not murkier clouds November's darkest day
Lays on these woods, than what some concealed vice
Views through her heavy eye, though full flowered May
Bloom lush in loveliness: nor brighter shines
The spangled crown that royalty adorns,
Than the pure gem that pity drops to thaw
The frost of poverty. Goodness alone
Gives lustre to the court, and to the cot
Content; in each peace-makers may abide,
And where they bide sure the abode is blessed.

SONNET.

MY OWN RHYMES.

Insects that flit in evening's yellow beam,
Are my light musings, that in airy maze
Thoughtless how short the warm and gilded gleam
Buoy their light hey-dance in its mellow blaze,
Joyous to sun themselves, while passing praise
Of genial goodness large its lustre flings,
Though then, even then, full many a vacant gaze
Or disregards or deems them worthless things:
But soon the north its hissing storm-pipe rings,
And drives a murky mist across their sky,
Roughens their down, and rips their gauzy wings,
And bids them, reft of joy, dull reptiles lie.
Then flutter while ye may, my little lines,
Sweet is your setting sun, though short it shines.

THE END.

HM